THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

of

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

JANET NICHOL

soprano

assisted by

Norma Cutrer

piano

Tuesday, March 30, 1976 at 5:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Arts Building

O Dolce Mia Speranza	George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)
All Mein Gedanken, Opus 21 Nacht, Opus 10 Kling!, Opus 48	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Il est Doux, Il est Bon (From Herodiade)	Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Weaver's Daughter Tigaree Torum Orum I Know Where I'm Goin' The Lover's Curse	Arr. by Herbert Hughes
La Mi Sola, Laureola Al Amor Corazón Porqué Pasáis El Majo Celoso Con Amores, La Mi Madre Del Cabello Más Sutil Chiquitita La Novia	Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Degree for Miss Nichol.

TRANSLATIONS

All mein Gedanken (All my Thoughts)

All mein Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn,
Da, wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin.
Gehn ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor,
Da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor;
Gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,
Brauchen kein Brücken über Wasser und Kluft.
Finden das Städtlein und finden das Haus,
Finden ihr Fenster aus allen heraus,
Und Klopfen und rufen: mach auf, lass uns ein,
Wir kommen vom Liebsten und grüssen dich fein,
Mach auf, mach auf, lass uns ein.

All my thoughts, my heart and my senses,
Are wandering there where my beloved is.
They go their way through wall and gate,
No locks nor moats can stand in the way;
They fly like little birds high through the air,
They need no bridges o'er the water and chasms.
They find the little town, they find the house,
They seek out her window from among all others.
And knock and call: Open, let us enter,
We come from your beloved and greet you,
Open, open, let us enter.

Nacht (Night)

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.
Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben löscht sie aus,
Und stiehlt die Garben weg vom Feld;
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms,
Weg das Gold.
Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Out of the forest comes the night,
Quietly she moves in from behind the trees;
She oversees all around her, -
Beware now!
All the lights of the world,
All the flowers, all the colors, she extinguishes;
She steals the sheaves from the fields;
She takes everything that is lovely,
Steals the silver from the streams,
From the copper dome of the cathedral
She takes away its gold.
The spray of flowers stands plundered,
Draw closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I am afraid the night will steal
You, too, from me.

Kling! (Resound!)

Meine Seele gibt reinen Ton,
Und ich wähnte die Arme
Von dem wütenden Harme
Wilder Zeiten zerrissen schon.
Sing, meine Seele den Beichtgesang
Wiedergewonnener Fülle!
Hebe vom Herzen die Hulle!
Heil dir, geläuterter Innenklang!
Kling, meine Seele, kling dein Leben,
Kling, quellendes, frisches Gebild.
Blühendes hat sich begeben
Auf dem verdorrten Gefild.
Kling, meine Seele, kling.

My soul utters a pure sound,
While I imagined the poor one
To be torn by the sorrows
Of those turbulent times.
Sing, my soul the song of confession
Of regained fulfillment!
Lift the veil from your heart!
Hail to thee, resounding, innermost tone!
Sing my soul, sing of your life,
Sing, arising new image. New bloom has appeared on the dry plain,
Sing my soul, sing.

I. *LA MI SOLA, LAUREOLA*

La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola,
Yo el cautivo Leriano
Aunque mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.
La mi sola Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola.

I. MY ONLY LAUREOLA

My only Laureola
My only, only, only, one,
I, captive Leriano
Am very proud
To be wounded by the hand
Which is unique in the world.
My only Laureola,
My only, only, only one.

II. *AL AMOR*

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después . . .
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y . . . contemos al revés.

II. TO LOVE

Give me, Love, countless kisses,
Your hands upon my hair,
Give me eleven hundred of them,
And eleven hundred more,
And then . . .
Many more thousand!
And so that no one may know,
Let's forget the count
And . . . start all over again.

III. *¿CORAZÓN, PORQUÉ PASÁIS . . .*

Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amor despierto
Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño?

III. OH HEART . . .

O heart, why do you lie awake
During the nights made for love
When your mistress rests
In the arms of another lover?

IV. *EL MAJO CELOSO*

Del majo que me enamora
He aprendido la queja
Que una y mil veces suspira
Noche tras noche en mi reja:
Lindezas, me muero
De amor loco y fiero
I quisiera olvidarte
Mas quiero y no puedo!
Le han dicho que en la Pradera
Me han visto con un chispero
Desos de malla de seda
Y chupa de terciopelo.
Majezas, te quiero,
No creas que muero
De amores perdida
Por ese chispero.

IV. THE JEALOUS LAD

From the lad whom I love
I have learned a plaintive song
Which he sighs a thousand and one times
At my window night after night:
My darling, I am dying
Of a wild and cruel love,
Would that I could forget you,
I try, but I cannot!
They told him that in the meadow
I have been seen with a dandy
Dressed in a silk shirt
And a velvet vest.
My handsome boy, I love you,
Never think I am dying
Mad with love
For that dandy.

V. *CON AMORES, LA MI MADRE*

Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí;
Así dormida soñaba
Lo que el corazón velaba,
Que el amor me consolaba
Con más bien que merecí.
Adormecióme el favor
Que amor me dió con amor;
Dió descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le serví
Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí!

V. WITH LOVE, OH MOTHER OF MINE

With love, oh mother of mine,
With love I fell asleep;
And thus asleep I dreamed
Of what was hidden in my heart,
That love consoled me
Better than I deserved.
This boon of love
Lulled me to sleep,
And lessened my grief.
Through my faith in you and
With love, oh mother of mine,
With love I fell asleep!

VI. *DEL CABELLO MÁS SUTIL*

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

VI. OF THE SOFTEST HAIR

Of the softest hair
Which you wear in braids
I shall make a chain
To draw you to my side.
A jug in your house,
My darling, I would like to be,
To kiss your lips,
When you take a drink.

VII. *CHIQUITITA LA NOVIA*

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala
Y er dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y er mosquitero.

VII. A TINY BRIDE

A tiny bride,
A tiny groom,
A tiny parlor
And a bedroom,
That's why I want
A tiny bed
And a mosquito net.

English translation by WALDO LYMAN